HEALTH

1608/2619

A

POEM.

By E. B——d, M. D.

To which is added

The SPLENDID SHILLING.

——*Mens ſana in corpore ſano* ——Juv.

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THE PREFACE.

IT *was a uſual Saying of the great Lord* Verulum, *That not one Man of a thouſand died a* natural *Death; and that moſt Diſeaſes had their* Riſe *and* Origen *from Intemperance. Therefore,*

Unerring *Nature* learn to follow cloſe,
For *quantum ſufficit* is her juſt Doſe;
Sufficient, clogs no wheels and tires no Horſe,
Yet briskly drives the Blood around the Courſe;
And hourly adds unto its waſtes, ſupplies,
In due proportion to what's ſpent and dies,
Whilſt *ſurfeiting* corrupts the purple Gore,
And bankrupts *Nature* of her long liv'd Store:
And thus the *Soul* is from the *Body* tore
Before its Time——
Which by a *temperate* Life, in a clean Cell,
Might full a hundred Years with Comfort dwell
And drop, when *ripe*, as *Nuts* do ſlip the *Shell*.

Truſt

Truſt not to *Conſtitution*, 'twill decay,
And twiſted *Strength*, its Fibres wear away;
As cloſe wove *Garments* of a ſtrong ſpun Thread
The *Woof* frets out and tears away the *Web*:
So *Soul* and *Body* tho' ne'er ſo well conjoin'd,
The longer that they wear the more they grind,
Then the crackt *Organ* muſt impair the Mind.
All finite Things tend to their own undoing,
But Man alone's induſtrious to his Ruin;
For what his *Riot*, *Delicates* and *Wine*,
Turns *Pioneer* himſelf to undermine.
Beſides the hidden *Snares* laid in our way,
The ſudden *Deaths* we hear of every Day,
The ſmootheſt Paths have unſeen *Ambuſcades*,
And *Inſecurity Security* invades;
For no Man knows what's the next hour's *Event*,
Man *lives* as he does *die* by Accident.
How ſoft is *Fleſh*, how brittle is a *Bone*!
Time eats up *Steel* and Monument of *Stone*,
And from his *Teeth* art thou exempt alone?
What Warrant haſt thou that thy Body's *Proof*
Againſt the Anguiſh of an aching Tooth?
How ſoon's a *Fever* rous'd by acute Pains?
The ſmalleſt *Ails* have all their Partizans;
And in inteſtine Wars they may divide,
And *Life*'s Deſerters liſt on the wrong ſide.
Diſeaſes, like true Blood-hounds, ſeize their Dam,
And prey upon the *Carkaſs* whence they ſprang.
Be always on thy Guard, watchful and wiſe,
Leſt *Death* ſhould take thee napping by *Surprize*

Drunken-

Drunkenneſs and Gluttony ſteal Men off ſilently and ſingulatim, *whereas* Sword *and* Peſtilence *do it by the* Lump; *but then Death makes a* Halt, *and comes to a Ceſſation of* Arms, *bnt the other knows no* Stop *nor* Intermiſſion, *but perpetually jogs on and depopulates inſenſibly and by Degrees; and tho' this is every Day experienced, yet Men are ſo enſlav'd by Cuſtom and a long* Habit, *that no Admonition will avail: So true is that Saying, That he that goes to the Tavern at firſt for the Love of the* Company, *will at laſt go thither for the Love of the* Liquor: *and therefore 'twas excellent Advice the ingenious Dr.* Baynard *gave his Godſon.*

Paſs by a *Tavern Door*, my *Son*,
This ſacred *Truth* write on thy Heart;
'Tis eaſier, Company to ſhun,
Than at a *Pint* it is to part,

For one *Pint* draws another *in*,
And that Pint lights a *Pipe*;
And thus inth' *Morn*, they tap the *Day*,
And *drink* it out e'er Night:

Not dreaming of a ſudden Bounce,
From *Vinous Sulphurs* ſtor'd within;
Which blows a *Drunkard* up at once,
When the Fire takes *Life*'s Magazin.

An *Apoplexy* kills as ſure
As Cannon Ball, and oft as ſoon;
And will no more yield to a Cure,
Than murd'ring Chain-ſhot from a Gun.

Why ſhould Men dread a *Cannon* Bore,
Yet boldly 'proach a Pottle *Pot*?
That may fall ſhort, ſhoot wide, or o'er,
But *Drinking* is the ſurer *Shot*.

How many *Fools* about this Town,
Do quaff and laugh away their *Time*?
And Nightly knock each other down,
With Clarret *Clubs*, of no Grape Wine!

Until a Dart from *Bacchus* Quiver,
As *Solomon* deſcribeth right,
Does ſhoot his *Tartar* thro' the *Liver*
Then (*Bonus Nocius*) Sot, *good Night*.

Good *Wine* will *kill* as well as *bad*,
When drank beyond (our Nature's) Bounds;
Then *Wine* gives *Life* a mortal *Stab*,
And leaves her *welt'ring* in her Wounds.

Wounds! that no Phyſick Art can *heal*,
And very rarely that they feel
The *Stroke*, the Moment it does kill.

The Preface.

Many a Soul *with great Difficulty lugs on a weak and worn-out* Carcaſs *to its daily Rendezvous, who perhaps for many Years has been nothing elſe but the Vintner's* Conveniencer *to carry his* Liquors *between the* Hogſhead *and the* Piſs-Pot.

But when alas! Men come to die
  Of Dropſie, Jaundice, Stone and Gout,
When the *black* Reckoning draws nigh,
  And Life (before the Bottle) 's out:

When (low drawn) Time's upon the *Tilt*,
  Few Sands and Minutes left to run;
And all our (paſt gone) *years* are ſpilt,
  And the great *Work* is left undone.

When reſtleſs *Conſcience* knocks within
  And in *Deſpair* begins to baul,
Death like a Drawer then ſteps in,
  And asketh, *Gentlemen*! d'ye call?

I wiſh that *Men* would, timely, think
  On this great Truth in their full *Bowls*,
Both *I* and *Will.* of *Ludgate-Hill*,
  And all our Friends round Pauls.

When a Man's Diſtempers ſtare him in the Face, *and he is ſummon'd to lay down his Duſt, he alaſs! then ſees the Folly of his* Ways, *and what a miſerable Purchaſe he has made with his miſ-ſpent* Time, Health

Health *and* Money; *and like a Malefactor at the Gallows, makes ſome ſhort Speech of Warning to his Companions, who give him the Hearing, and perhaps are drunk with his own Claret at his* Funeral.

But alas! the Deſtruction of himſelf is the leaſt Part of the Tragedy, the Miſchief is ſtruck deeper, and entails Hereditary Diſeaſes on his innocent Poſterity, to the eternal Infamy of his Name and Family; when the poor Off-ſpring of his wretched Carcaſs *inherits nothing but the Schedule of his* Diſtempers, *and dwindles away a miſerable Life in* Pills, Plaiſters *and* Potions. *I wiſh that Men may think of this, and prize and preſerve a good Conſtitution and Stock of* Health *before it be too late.*

I cannot better cloſe this Epiſtle, than as the ſame Author obſerves the old Romans *to have done, to their Friends.*

Cura ut Valeas for Health once gone
All Comforts periſh with it, and are none;
Riches and Honour Muſick, Wine and Wit,
Wax *flat* and taſteleſs with the Loſs of it
Could Youth but ſee, with gouty *old Mens Eyes,*
One *ſtretch* upon their *Back* would make em wiſe
And Drunkenneſs (the damn'd firſt Cauſe) deſpiſe
But ſuch is giddy Youth's unhappy *Fate,*
When *crippl'd* and *nail'd* down, are wiſe too late.

Unhappy

Unhappy Man! that *drink* own undoing
As tho' his Buſineſs were, t pledge his Ruin.
And that brave *Texture* his ſound Parents knit,
With *Pipe* and *Pot* he does unravel it.
As if the Gods, in Anger gave him Wealth,
To ſacrifice to *Bacchus*, Youth and Health.
Health of all earthly Bleſſings 'tis the beſt,
Which moſt is *valu'd*, when 'tis leaſt *poſſeſt*.

A N

BRITISH MUSEUM 15 JAN 71

A N

E S S A Y

TO A

RULE of HEALTH.

The Definition.

HEALTH is a free, eaſy, and perfect Enjoyment, of all the Faculties of *Mind* and *Body*, to due Performance of the *Animal Functions*, without any Impediment, Pain or Moleſtation.

Which is thus to be attain'd.

IF twice Man's Age you would fulfil,
Let *Reaſon* guide you, not your *Will*:
Let all the Paſſions of the *Soul*
Be ſubject unto her Controle;

She checks all Raſhneſs, and gives time,
To think, and re-think each Deſign:
Thoſe that do thus, before they act,
'Tis rarely ſeen, repent the Fact:
This makes an eaſy, quiet *Mind*,
(The greateſt Bleſſing of Mankind;)
And he that in this Bliſs do's ſhare,
Enjoys a Ray of *Heaven* here.

Fly all Exceſs, and firſt take Care,
Of *Wine* and *Women* to beware.
Sport, dally and tattle with 'em rarely,
And marry not a *Wife* too early;
Stay till your grown, and Joints are knit,
And you have *Money* got, and *Wit*:
For he that *weds* before he's wiſe,
Is ſhakled by a Fool's Advice;
Alas! then he may ſee his Fate,
And feel it too, when 'tis too late.

In ſingle Life live pure and chaſte,
Leſt from your Face your *Noſe* you caſt.
And is it not a great Diſgrace,
To loſe the *Boltſprit* of your Face?
Tho' Tears and Pray'rs may atone for th' Sin,
Yet Howling brings no *Noſe* again:
So never touch forbidden Fruit,
But think on *Noſe*, when tempted to't.
Till *Huuger* pinches, never eat;
And then, on plain, not ſpiced Meat.

Deſiſt before you eat your fill,
Drink to dilute, but not to ſwill,
So no Ructations you will feel.

Let *Supper* little be, and light;
But none, makes always the beſt Night;
It gives ſweet Sleep without a Dream,
Leaves Morning's Mouth ſweet, moiſt and clean.

A little *Breakfaſt* you may eat,
But not ſo as to ſatiate:
But *Dinner* then, you muſt poſtpone,
Till farther in the Afternoon;
For never load freſh Food upon
Your Stomach, till the former's gone;
For whatſoe'er is ſwallow'd thus,
Turns *putrid* and *cadaverous*:
And taking more than *Nature* needs,
Of moſt Diſtempers, are the Seeds.

Accuſtom early in your Youth
To lay Embargo on your *Mouth*;
And let no Rarities invite,
To pall and glut your Appetite:
But check it always, and give o'er,
With a Deſire of eating more.
For where one dies by *Inanition*,
A thouſand periſh by *Repletion*.

To miſs a *Meal*, ſometimes is good,
It ventilates, and cools the Blood, Gives

Gives *Nature* time to clean her Streets
From Filth and Crudities of Meats,
For too much Meat, the Bowels furr,
And Faſting's *Nature*'s Scavenger.

When as your Stomach nauſeates,
And kecks, at Smell or Sight of Meats:
By Vomit fetch away the Load
Of Phlegm and undigeſted Food,
And do it ſoon, before it dwells
So as to tinge its Tunicles;
And breed ſow'r Ferment, which begets
Unſavoury Belches, and ſick Fits,
And Streams, which taint the Mouth and Gums,
With fœtid Smells, like ulcer'd Lungs:
And after *Vomits*, always uſe
Emollients ſoft, to cool and ſmooth;
For Reaching makes the Stomach ſore,
Which Lenitives will beſt reſtore.

Bleed only, when you find the *Blood*
Abound, or ſtagnate, then 'tis good;
Which you may very eas'ly gueſs,
By heavy, ſtiff Unwieldineſs.
Short *Breath*, high *Pulſe*, *&* *cætera*,
Then quickly take ſome Blood away:
But more eſpecially in Stitches,
Pleuritic Pains, and pungent Twitches;
Then out of Hand without Delay,
Take a good Quantity away.

For *Purging* I ſhall give no Rule,
But after Glutt'ny and cramming full,
'Tis good to empty, and to cool;
Tho' forc'd *Evacuations* are,
Such as we ought to uſe with Care,
Since 'tis not known, what we can ſpare:
* For *Phyſick* drives off with the Blood,
Some Parts of the ſubſtantial Good,
And if you'd keep the *Ballance* even,
Dame *Nature* muſt be led, not driven:
By Methods mild, and by Degrees,
We ſhould relieve her Grievances:
As Faſting, Exerciſe, and Time,
And *Water* heals the Wounds of *Wine*.
But where the *Fever*'s peracute,
It won't admit of long Diſpute;
When *Life*'s chief Fortreſs is attack'd,
Quickly conſult, and quickly act:
For many a *Life* hath ſlipt away,
By careleſs trifling, and delay.
So when the Caſe is very urging,
Spare neither vomiting, nor purging;
Provided that your Judgment's tight,
And take the Indication right;

Ev'n

* Neque impune poſſe adminiſtrari, cum omnia præter naturam ſint, ob idque naturales facultates infeſtent; nec poſſint adeo morboſas cauſas reſcindere, quin, una illis, aliquid etiam benignæ ſubſtantiæ rapiant. Galen. lib. de ſectis prope finem.

Ev'n then be not the only Agent,
Leſt a dead Corps ſhou'd prove your Patient;
But call in *Doctors* of more Skill
Who may you cure, or help you kill,
Then let it happen as it will,
You can't be found *Felo de ſe*,
If ſlain in learned Company.

When ſtruct in Years, ſtrong *Drink* forbear,
Eſpecially of *Wine* beware;
Old Men of Moiſture want Supplies,
And *Wine* of all ſorts, heats and dries,
Twitches and Cramps, their Tartars give,
Hence they ſtep ſhort, and ſtraddle ſtiff;
For vinious Spirits prey upon
Nutricious Juice, and vital *Balm*;
This makes 'em tabid, lean and thin
With looſe and ſlabby, wrinkled Skin.
Water and *Whey*, of Drinks are firſt,
They cool, dilute, and quench the Thirſt;
And next to thoſe is good ſmall *Beer*,
Not ſow'r, but ſmart, and brisk and clear.
Not that in general I condemn,
A Glaſs of gen'rous now and then;
When you are faint, you Spirits low,
Your String relax'd, 'twill bend your Bow,
Brace your Drum Head, and make you tight:
Wind up your Watch, and ſet you right:
But then again the too much Uſe
Of all ſtrong *Liquors* is th' Abuſe;
'Tis *Liquid* makes the *Solids* looſe, The

The *Texture* and whole *Frame* deſtroys,
But Health lies in the *Equipoiſe.*

The greateſt part o'th' World's content
With *Adam*'s Ale, pure Element;
And who ſo ſtrong, and does more Work,
Than doth the *Water* drinking *Turk*?
And when the Stomach's out of order,
No Cordial, like a Glaſs of *Water*;
This, this has baffled all the *Slops*
Of Ladies Cloſets, and the Shops.

As *Water*'s beſt, ſo 'twas the firſt
Of *Liquors*, make to quench the *Thirſt*,
Of Men, of Beaſts, of Plants and Trees;
From whence they all have their Encreaſe
Its Uſes are too manifold,
And marv'lous great e'er to be told;
Its Particles conſtituent,
Are too minute an Element.
Its Make and Texture, Craſis, Grain,
Are too ſtupendiouſly fine
For Virtuoſo's to deſcry,
Tho' Glaſſes come t'aſſiſt their Eye.
Ceaſe! then, vain Search! let that alone,
Hid, with all Eſſences unknown;
But be content that the *Creator*,
Has bleſt the World with ſo much *Water.*
It works itſelf (as being thin)
Into all the Pores and Parts within;

Helps

Helps all *Secretions* in their Uſes,
And ſweetens ſharp and ſowr Juices;
Tempers hot *Bile*, thins viſcid Phlegm,
And moderates in each Extreme;
Damps the fierce *Æſtus* of the Blood,
Abates the Fevers boyling Flood;
Dilutes the *Salts*, melts off their Points,
And acrid Particles disjoints;
And is the only *Liquor* that
Never grows eager, ſharp or flat:
Give it but Motion, Room, and Air,
Its Purity will ne'er impair:
Experience daily ſhews it true,
That *Water* only this can do.
All other *Liquors* made by *Art*,
Grow rancid, vapid, ſour, and tart.

Chuſe *Water* that is cool, and thin,
Such as feels ſmooth, and ſoft to th' *Skin*,
Looks clear, and bright, and cryſtalline:
The lighteſt *Water* is the beſt,
That is, without or *Smell* or *Taſte*:
Which ſtanding long, yields few Contents
Of *Scum*, or *Clouds*, or *Sediments*;
Such as will lather cold with Soap,
Tho' ne'er was ſainted by the *Pope*,
(As *Bridget*, *Anne*, and *Winifred*,)
For 'tis the *Water* does the Feat,
The Saints, the Varniſh, and the Cheat;
And he that has a *Spring* like this,
Has with good *Air* a double *Bliſs*. Neve

Never give way to Sloth and Eaſe,
For Laz'neſs is a great Diſeaſe,
And when it has Poſſeſſion got,
It makes the Man a ſtupid Sot:
When Sleep does firſt deſert you, riſe;
Next, waſh the Gum from off your *Eyes:*
Cold *Water* pure will clear the Sight,
Comfort the Eyes, and keep them bright.
Indulge not Drowſineſs, unleſs
It does proceed from Wearineſs.
'Thout ſome Fatigue, there's no ſound Sleep,
'Tis eating without Appetite;
For thoſe that ſtart in *Sleep*, or ſhake,
Find ſmall Refreſhment when they wake:
And when you *riſe*, approach not near
A *Fire*, except the Cold's ſevere;
And then, at diſtance take the Heat,
Becauſe it does *inhebitate*;
And Sloth, and Sluggiſhneſs induce,
And ſpoil your natural Reſt by Uſe.
This Cuſtom, Studients muſt avoid,
For Memory is by Heat annoy'd
And by hard Drinking quite deſtroy'd.
For Ceminiſcence is ſtrong where,
The *Head*'s ſerene, and cool and clear;
This Truth is ſeen in Regions cold,
There what they *read* they always hold.
But 'tis the Nature of a *Wit*,
Soon to invent, ſoon to forget;

For from the *Brain* that's hot and dry,
The ſlight Impreſſions quickly fly:
Whereas in *moiſt* and phlegmy Brains,
The Stamp's ſtruck *deep* and long remains.
Tho''tis allow'd, there are ſome few
That have good Wits, and Mem'ry too.

Riſe early with the Summer's *Sun*,
Eſpecially when you are young;
For he that early walks the Fields,
Takes all the Sweets that *Flora* yields;
Juſt as the *Sun* unlocks the Blooms
Of all their fragrant, rich Perfumes;
Beſides, with Morning *Air* he's treated,
Not by the Sun-beams over-heated;
Which cools the *Lungs*, and fans the Blood,
And makes the Spirits brisk and good;
After a bad Good-fellow-Hood;
Had left their ſpringy Parts uncurl'd,
Like a looſe *Sail* that is unfurl'd,
Thoſe Air and Action buckle up,
When ruffled by a Midnight's Cup.
After an idle drunken Bout,
Walk and take Air, ne'er ſleep it out;
By which you will avoid the Harms
Of *Head-ach*, and ſick Stomach *Qualms*:
For ſleeping with a Load of *Wine*,
Does all its Fumes within confine;
Which are of dang'rous Conſequence,
For *Apoplexies* ſpring from hence.

Pal-

* *Palſies*, and *Tremors*, and the reſt,
Which moſtly Drunkards do infeſt,
From *Ferments* in the Body pent,
Which early rowzing may prevent;
For *Gouts*, and *Stone*, and ſuch Diſeaſes,
Dwell moſt where Luxury and Eaſe is:
Such a Torment never rages
'Mong *Whey*-drinkers in poor Cottages,
Who live in Health till mighty Ages;
And to the *Grave* at a hundred Years
Carry their Mem'ry, Eyes and Ears.
Who then in *Ale*, or worſe brew'd *Wine*,
Wou'd drown his Health, and ſo much Time?
For whilſt Men tipple, prate and lie,
Life on ſmooth Skeets ſlides ſwiftly by.

In walking let your *Cloaths* be thin,
But not too tight, or ſtrait to th' Skin,
That cool freſh *Air* may cloſe the Pores,
This oftentimes that Health reſtores,
Which too much Warmth turn'd out of Doors:
For loſs of Strength declares what Hurt
Thoſe get that wear a *Flannel* Shirt:
For thro' a conſtant Dilatation,
The Spirits ſpend by Perſpiration.

In Bed lie *warm*, but not too hot,
Nor yet too *ſoft*, for that's a Fault;

---

* Dr. Lower de motu cordis.

Soft Feathers have Attraction ſuch,
As draws the natural *Heat* too much,
The Fleſh makes ſlabby, looſe and weak,
The Countenance dead, and pale and bleak

Of *Heats* and *Colds* take ſpecial Care,
Windows, and Doors, that let in *Air*;
A Crack, or Crevice, in the Wall,
Hurts more than doth an open Hall:
And ſafer 'tis to ſtand i'th'Street,
Than where two Doors or Entries meet.

Walk to be warm, but not to ſwett,
Or by Degrees take down your Heat,
Drink not until you'r very *cool*,
And gently move to get a Stool.
Yet ſometimes let your Feet be *wet*,
But in your wet *Shoes* never ſit;
For while you'r running in the Dirt,
The Action keeps you from the Hurt:
And often waſh your *Skin* all o'er,
It gives a Spring to every Pore;
Returns the *Heat* upon the Blood,
Which makes all bad Digeſtions good.

Lodge not fine *Youth* with aged Bones,
Nor much converſe with Pains and Groans
For Bodies, that are old, and dry'd,
From juicy Youth, will be ſupply'd;

These such their *Spirits*, make 'em *pale*,
So *vital* Vigour needs must fail;
For th' aged, thro' the young ones Pores,
His own decripit *Limbs*, restores;
For what by Contract, what by Sweats,
What the *Youth* loses, t'other gets:
This makes, 'em pallid, thin and weak,
As if Hag-ridden in their Sleep.
And on the other Hand, it's naught
To lye with one that's over *fat*,
Such sweat, and over-heat the Child,
By which a good, cool Habit's spoil'd;
For in a moderate Temperature,
The Welfare of the Child's secure,
In short, observe the tender Young,
Shou'd be well *nurs'd*, but laid alone.

But above all! take special Care,
How *Children* you affright and scare,
In telling Stories of Things seen,
Sprite, *Dæmon*, and *Hobgoblin*;
Hence they'll contract such *Cowardice*,
As ne'er will leave them, all their Lives,
And then th' *Idea's* of their Fears,
Continued, unto riper Years,
Can by no Reason be suppress'd,
But of it they'll be so possess'd;
They'll sweat, and quake, and start, and stare,
And meet the Devil ev'ry where.

Terrors have changed ſome Men grey,
Took Limbs, and Speech, and Senſe away;
Have topſy-turvy'd Brains in Sculs,
Turn'd ſome Men mad, and ſome Men Fools:
Have made a Soul skip like a Sprite,
And leave the Body bolt upright:
Start ſtaring ghaſtly, dead, and ſtiff,
Like *Lot*'s ſad monumental Wife.

Anger avoid, and alſo *Grief*,
They both are Enemies to *Life*,
And fatal often in Extremes,
To which ſide e'er the *Paſſion* leans.
In both let *Reaſon* mitigate,
She will the Fury ſoon abate,
If ſhe's conſulted not too late.
For I have ſeen fierce *Anger* checkt,
By ſeeming Deafneſs, and Neglect;
Take off the *Fewel*, th' Fire will die,
Silence alone will put it by,
If not blown up, by a *Reply*:
Let it blow o'er, if you can bear,
In at one, but out at t'other *Ear*;
Storms hurt not in a thoroughfare.

Late *Watching* does much Injury,
To *Nature*'s whole Oeconomy;
Impedes, or wholly doth defeat
The making of her Work complete;

or all *Secretions* are made beſt,
th' quiet State of *Sleep* and *Reſt*;
Vhen all the Faculties of the *Mind*,
re to their (ſoporal) *Cells* confin'd;
hen all the vital Functions are,
Cauſe not diſturb'd by mental Care,)
ach to his Office to repair;
nd mend the *Breaches*, and *Decays*,
lade by Diſorder any ways,
n Life's vaſt *Labyrinth* and *Maze*;
Vhich thro' unknown *Meanders* run,
nd circulates to where't begun,
nd reſtleſs in its Courſe keeps on.

For th' *Heart* clacks on, and is a Mill,
hat's independent of the Will,
nd like an *Engine* ſquirts the Blood,
orcing up the Hill the purple Flood;
conſtant *Fountain* that diſplays
s *Rivulets* ten thouſand ways;
lov'd by a ſecret *Power* unknown,
nd yet that Power is not its own;
eſtleſs from the firſt *Stroke* it gives,
o the laſt *Moment* that it lives;
ts Office is to *meſh* and *beat*,
nd make the *Chyle* conſimulate,
Vith balmy Blood and nitrous *Air*,
All have i'th' Work their proper Share)
Vhich Inſpiration does prepare.

That *Air*, again the *Lungs* explode,
When robbed of its *nitrous* Load;
This grinds Life's *Griſt*, yet takes ſmall Tole
For carrying of it thro' the whole,
And lodging at each *Office* Door,
Sufficient for their daily Store.
And here I'd ask, what human Tongue
Can praiſe enough that wond'rous one,
That made this great *Automaton*!
Here let the *proſtrate* World adore,
His infinite *Goodneſs*, *Wiſdom*, *Power*.

Of Exerciſes, *Swimming*'s beſt,
Strengthens the Muſcles of the Cheſt,
And all their fleſhy Parts confirms,
Extends, and ſtretches *Legs* and *Arms*;
And with a nimble retro-Spring.
Contracts and brings them back again.
As 'tis the beſt, ſo 'tis the Sum
Of *Exerciſes* all in one:
And of all Motions moſt complete,
Becauſe 'tis vi'lent without *Heat*.

And next to *Swimming*, *Riding*'s good,
It ſhakes the *Bowels*, ſtirs the Blood,
And gives a Motion to a Stool,
But bad to *ride* with *Belly* full;
For ſhaking does precipitate,
E'er you've digeſted half your *Meat*;

Beſides, your Guts, if fat, it ſquelches,
And cauſes Fumes, and ſow'r Belches:
'Tis alſo in hard *Livers* naught,
Or when oppreſs'd with Wind & Thought
It ſtirs up *Flatus Hypochon*:
If ſo, deſiſt from *riding* on.
For't makes it fly into the *Head*,
Where Dizzineſs, and *Fumes* are bred;
Then Life's in Danger if you totter,
Be your *Horſe* Pacer, or a Trotter:
So let the *Rider* take a Care,
Leſt from a ſtumbling *Horſe* or *Mare*,
He don't take *Earth* in taking *Air*.
But the true Benefit in *riding*,
Is much and long i'th' *Air* abiding;
Faſting and always jogging on,
And drinking nothing that is ſtrong;
But guzzling on a Journey's wrong:
And then perhaps, you'll gain your Point
If your *Horſe* keeps your *Neck* in Joint.

In dry conſumptive *Coughs* beware,
They always grow much worſe in *Air*;
For Places *high*, and Air *ſerene*,
Are for *thin Bodies* found too keen:
For all the *Air*, on Hights, and Hills,
Cauſe robb'd of watry Particles,
Holds Nitre *naked*, and not ſheath'd,
And ſo are naught, for all ſhort *breath'd*:

As well as *Airs* too thick with Smoaks,
One pricks and tickles, t'other choaks:
But where it's clear, and not too high,
With Mixture due of *moiſt* and dry,
'Tis there the Lungs have Liberty,
To play their Fan moſt pleaſantly.
The *Air* is beſt on riſing Hills,
Alſo near grav'ly running Rills;
For where the *Soil* is hard and dry,
The *Air* is good, whether low or high,
The watry *Steams* will take off Heats,
And much abate nocturnal *Sweats*.
In *Holland*, where 'tis all low Ground,
Habitual *Coughs* are rarely found;
But when *Catarrhs* and *Rheums* infeſt,
Warms and dry *Airs* are ſurely beſt.
* For if *Conſumptions* cur'd can be,
(Which is a mighty Rarity)
Three Things in chief you need prepare,
Milk, *Traumatics*, and Change of *Air*.
And if with theſe, Cold *Baths* you get,
To temper down the hectic Heat,
He may go bare-foot, as a *Gooſe*
Who lives in hope of dead *Mens* Shoes.

Tho'

* Ulterius phthiſis perfecta rariſſime poteſt curari: vita interim diutiſſime poteſt conſervari, per hæc tria.

1. Per legitimum uſum lactis.
2. Per uſum vulnerariorum, &c.

3. Per

Tho' *riding* is extremely good,
Yet *Health* lies more in choice of *Food*;
A gen'ral Rule we may go by,
Is eating ſuch things 'ſpecially,
As are leaſt apt to putrefy.
New *Milk* and *Rice*, *Bread*, *Corn*, and *Roots*,
Freſh *Sallets*, and freſh gather'd *Fruits*,
Sweet *Butter*, *Oil*, and well made *Cheeſe*;
For thoſe who moſtly feed on theſe,
Live long and gently wear away
Perceiving not their own Decay,
To th' utmoſt Point o'th' fatal Day.
Then without *Pain*, like Lamps expire
With the laſt *Spark* of vital *Fire*.

For *Life*'s a *Lamp*, its Oil well ſpent,
Leaves when't goes out a fragrant *Scent*:
Thrice happy *he*, whoſe virtuous *Name*,
Is *Incenſe*, and perfumed *Flame*,
On th' Altar of immortal Fame.
So *Reader* if thou art ſo *wiſe*,
To put in Practice this *Advice*;
The World ſhall wonder to behold
Thou look'ſt ſo young, ad art ſo old.

---

3 Per mutationem Aeris.
Denique quoad legitimum uſum lactis.
In Omni atrophia, tabe & phthiſi commodiſſime obſervatur, quod lactis uſus, ſeu legitimus potus, in quibuſdam caſibus multum poſſit: ſed parum proderit, quoties atrophia eſt a colluvie cujuſdam viſceris, aut ubi atrophia eſt ex vitio ſtomachi, niſi hic prius ſit correctus. Mich. Ettmullerus de Nutritione partium læſa, pag. 282.

The

The Splendid Shilling, &c.

HAppy the Man, who void of Cares and Strif
In Silken, or in Leathern Purſe retains
A *Splendid Shilling*: He nor hears with Pain
New Oyſters cry'd, nor ſighs for chearful Ale;
But with his Friends, when nightly Miſts ariſe
To *Juniper's Magpye*, or *Town-Hall* repairs:
Where, mindful of the Nymph, whoſe wanton Ey
Transfix'd his Soul, and kindled Amorous Flame
Chloe, or *Phillis*; he each Circling Glaſs
Wiſheth her Health, and Joy, and equal Love.
Mean while, he ſmoaks and laughs at merry Tale
Or *Pun* ambiguous, or *Conundrum* quaint.
But I, whom griping Penury ſurrounds,
And Hunger, ſure Attendant upon Want,
With ſcanty Offals, and ſmall acid Tiff
(Wretched Repaſt!) my meagre Corps ſuſtain:
Then ſolitary Walk, or doze at home
In Garret vile, and with a warming Puff
Regale chill'd Fingers; or from Tube as black
As Winter Chimney, or well-poliſh'd Jet,
Exhale *Mundungus*, ill-perfuming Scent:
Not blacker Tube, nor of a ſhorter Size
Smoaks *Cambro-Britain* (vers'd in Pedigree,
Sprung from *Cadwalader* and *Arthur*, Kings
Full famous in Romantick Tale) when he
O'er many a craggy Hill, and barren Cliff,
Upon a Cargo of fam'd *Ceſtrian* Cheeſe,

High

High over-ſhadowing rides, with a Deſign
To vend his Wares, or at th' *Arvonian* Mart,
Or *Maridunum*, or the ancient Town
Eclip'd *Brechinia*, or where *Vaga*'s Stream
Encircles *Ariconium*, fruitful Soil,
Whence flow Nectareous Wines, that well may vye
With *Maſſic*, *Setin*, or renown'd *Falern*.

Thus, while my joyleſs Minuets tedious flow,
With Looks demure, and ſilent Pace, a *Dunn*,
Horrible Monſter! hated by Gods and Men,
To my aerial Citadel Aſcends;
With Vocal Heel thrice thund'ring at my Gates,
With hideous Accent thrice he calls; I know
The Voice ill-boding, and the ſolemn Sound.
What ſhou'd I do? or whether turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded to the dark Receſs I fly
Of Woodhole; ſtrait my briſtling Hairs erect
Thro' ſudden Fear; a chilly Sweat bedews
My ſhud'ring Limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My Tongue forgets her Faculty of Speech;
So horrible he ſeems! his faded Brow
Entrench'd with many a Frown and Conic Beard,
And ſpreading Band, admir'd by modern Saints,
Diſaſtrous Acts forebode; in his Right Hand
Long ſcroles of Paper ſolomnly he waves,
With Characters, and Figures dire inſcrib'd,
Grievous to mortal Eyes; (ye Gods avert
Such Plagues from righteous Men!) Behind him
Another Monſter, not unlke himſelf, (ſtalks
Sullen

Sullen of Aſpect, by the Vulgar call'd
A *Catchpole*, whoſe polluted Hands the Gods
With Force incredible, and Magick Charms
Erſt have endu'd, if he his ample Palm
Should haply on ill-fated Shoulder lay
Of Debtor, ſtrait his Body, to the Touch
Obſequious, (as whilom Knights were wont)
To ſome enchanted Caſtle is convey'd,
Where Gates impregnable, and coerceive Chains
In Durance ſtrict detain him, till in ſorm
Of Money, *Pallas* ſets the Captive free.

Beware, ye Debtors, when ye walk beware,
Be circumſpect; oft with inſidious Ken
This Caitif eyes your Steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a Nook or gloomy Cave,
Prompt to enchant ſome inadvertent Wretch
With his unhallow'd Touch. So (Poets ſing)
Grimalkin to Domeſtick Vermine ſworn
An everlaſting Foe, with watchful Eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky Gap,
Protending her fell Claws, to thoughtleſs Mice
Sure Ruin. So her diſembowell'd Web
Arachne in a Hall, or Kitchin ſpreads,
Obvious to vagrant Flies: She ſecret ſtands
Within her woven Cell; the Humming Prey,
Regardleſs of their Fate, ruſh on the Toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their Arts, nor Arms, nor Shapes of lovely Hue;
The Waſp inſidious, and the buzzing Drone,

And Butterfly proud of expanded Wings
Diſtinct with Gold, entangled in her Snares,
Uſeleſs Reſiſtance make: With eager Strides,
She tow'ring flies to her expected Spoils;
Then with envenom'd Jaws the vital Blood
Drinks of reluctant Foes, and to her Cave
Their bulky Carcaſſes triumphant drags.

So paſs my Days. But when Nocturnal Shades
This World invelop, and th' inclement Air
Perſuades Men to repel benumming Froſts
With pleaſant Wines, and crackling Blaze of Wood
Me lonely ſitting, nor the glimmering Light
Of Make-weight Candle, nor the joyous Talk
Of loving Friend delights, diſtreſs'd, forlorn,
Amidſt the Horrors of the tedious Night,
Darkling I ſigh, and feed with diſmal Thoughts
My anxious Mind; or ſometimes mournful Verſe
Indite, and ſing of Groves and Myrtle Shades,
Or deſperate Lady near a purling Stream,
Or Lover pendent on a Willow-Tree:
Mean while, I labour with eternal Drought,
And reſtleſs wiſh, and rave; my parched Throat
Finds no Relief, nor heavy Eyes Repoſe:
But if a Sumber haply does invade
My weary Limbs, my fancy's ſtill awake,
Thoughtful of Drink, and eager, in a Dream,
Tipples imaginary Pots of Ale:
In vain; awake I find the ſettled Thirſt
Still gnawing, and the pleaſant Phantom curſe.

Thus

Thus do I live from Pleaſure quite debarr'd,
Nor taſte the Fruits that the Sun's genial Rays
Mature, *John Apple*, or the downy *Peach*,
Nor *Walnut* in rough-furrow'd Coat ſecure,
Nor *Medlar*, Fruit delicious in decay:
Afflictions Great! yet greater ſtill remain:
My *Galligaskins* that have long withſtood
The Winter's Fury, and encroaching Froſts,
By Time ſubdu'd, (what will not Time ſubdue!)
An horrid Chaſm diſcloſe, with Orifice
Wide, diſcontinuous; at which the Winds
Eurus and *Auſter*, and the dreadful Force
Of *Boreas*, that congeals the *Cronian* Waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling Blaſts,
Portending Agues. Thus a well-fraught Ship
Long ſail'd ſecure, or thro' th' *Ægean* Deep,
Or the *Ionian*, till Cruiſing near
The *Lilybean* Shoar, with hideous Cruſh
On *Scylla*, or *Charybdis* (dang'rous Rocks)
She ſtrikes rebounding, whence the ſhatter'd Oak,
So fierce a Shock unable to withſtand,
Admits the Sea; in at the gaping Side
The crowding Waves guſh with impetuous Rage,
Reſiſtleſs, Overwhelming; Horrors ſeize
The Mariners, Death in their Eyes appears,
They ſtare, they lave, they pump, they ſwear, they pray
(Vain Efforts!) ſtill the battering Waves ruſh in
Implacable, till delug'd by the Foam,
The Ship ſinks found'ring in the vaſt Abyſs.

F I N I S.